

How it Feels to Fly

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Summary: Faith's POV during her fight with Buffy in Graduation Day:
Pt 1.

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>"There's a word for people like you, Faith. Loser." I relive that statement every day in my mind, smarting at the pain it refreshes.

>Something about the word 'loser', isn't there? Its finality is startling if you really think about it. And the way she said it, it had a thousand meanings. Losers never succeed, losers never get to 'fly', not like brilliant little Buffy, who gets everything and then some. The look on her face when she said that word just drove everything home. No sympathy for me, no remorse - just pity and disgust. Pity, that I don't have everything that she's got; disgust for the way I've treated all those around me.

>Something about that expression has caused my last shred of longing for her friendship to dissolve. And that's why I'm standing here now. Against her. For the last time.

>I know why she's here, why she's invaded MY home, MY turf - she's royally pissed that I poisoned her lover, her Angel. But hey, who can blame her? I bet it's wicked painful watching your lover die. I wouldn't know, no one has ever loved me like that. If I'd been the one with Angel, if I'd had her life, I would have put him out of his misery by now. But not brave little Buffy, oh no. Seek vengeance on Faith first...

>She stands there, silent, in front of me. A slight movement of her arm and a weapon appears. MY weapon, my knife. A symbol of the only person who truly cares about me, my Mayor, and SHE holds it - she's screwing up my life again!

>We start to fight, the adrenaline and hatred mixing together to create oblivion to anything but each other. We've moved to the balcony - I hate to be cooped up in a fight. I know that she's starting to tire, the mental exhaustion of watching Angel fade away

to nothing is getting to her. A fall might just kill her. Me? I'm doing just fine; no one can take me, least of all that bitch. I refuse to let her drive the final nail in my coffin, she's screwed with my life enough.

>I can hear the sound of an approaching truck. That gives me an idea of escape to the Mayor, a way out until after the Ascension. My idea starts to engulf me and, for unknown reasons, I pause momentarily.

>Buffy does something that I'll never forget, she's really made me proud. Her eyes catch my pause, and suddenly, the knife, MY knife, slides into my stomach. Wicked crafty move, B. Someone sure has taken a leaf from my book!

>She looks at me, and strangely, she seems to be experiencing some pain. Can't understand why - if I'd been her, I'd be rejoicing right now. But as usual, her goodness shines through and she can't believe she's killed another human. Get used to it babe, I did.

>Everything's starting to blur, I can't see very well. Funny, I never thought death could be so painful. I've been the cause of it to so many, both the innocent and the guilty, yet it seemed to be over so quickly for them.

>By some act of a greater power, the truck has stopped beneath us. I remember that word, 'loser'. Losers never get to fly. Well, here comes my big chance. As my eyes start to close, my arms spread out. As I succumb to the nothingness, Buffy starts to fade and I float from the balcony.

>
Now I know how it feels to fly.

End
file.